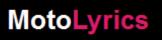
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Xzibit ''Alkoholik''

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[X] C'mon [E] Xzibit! [X] Yeah.. [E] Ahh, ahh, E-Dub

[Xzibit]

It's that millenium ridiculous flow, I never let go Niggaz gettin knocked out is part of my show Let 'em know who they fuckin with yo, a rhyme wrangler Tri-angular push-up the hillside strangler Dangle a, nigga by the ankle off the balcony Now let his punk ass go, look out below (BELOWWW) It's a tale of two cities, come out when the sun go down We officially not fuckin around Stuck in the ground, fitted with a suit in a pine box (hah!) with my fresh pressed khakis in a slingshot So heatbox all day in a nigga face and all you bitches see the dick that you shoulda ate

> [Chorus 2X: Xzibit *singing*] Call it what you wanna call it I'm a fuckin Alkaholik Bring it if you really want it Ain't gotta put no extras on it!

[Erick Sermon]

Yo, I'm in the zone, and lyrically gone Got the spot blown, BOOM! Oklahoma Watch the aroma, catch those who love me My underground dirty cats on dune buggies I be the type to take your watch and flaunt it Kidnap T. Lewis and Jimmy Jam on it Yo, I bang a nigga head til his neck pop Do a KRS-One to a "Black Cop" X and E's, out for cream Get the money, while you stay broker than Al Bundy Uhh, give it to y'all, in "Any Given Sunday" With J. Foxx name the spot, make it hot (I hate E so much right now!) Blow it down hooker bounce come off the ropes like J. Snooka [*X*: Two fly motherfuckers] You can't fuck widdit Backed by +Open Bar+, so y'all forget it

[Chorus]

[J-Ro]

J-McEnroe, cam smashin, party crashin I eat MC's like a ration I'm sockin niggaz in they goatees I leave you stiffer than that fool on my basketball trophies I'm in the room with 10 G's, countin ten G's cause we need a bag of weed (can you smell it?) Now we need ten dimes, to blow on deez like wind chimes Time to close the blinds cause you all in mines I bought a bottle for the session, and did not share it Drink so much Captain Mo' all I need is a parrot You took the Alkaholik challenge, and lost your balance You underground, we under water drinkin liquid by the gallons

[Tash]

Slurred words, double vision, brain bustin, head rushin Since I'm too drunk to walk, I rock a party on crutches and still rush the roughest MC who wanna get it Forget it, it's Likwit, Tha Liks and, Xzibit Ca-Tash on the blast the final piece to the puzzle I slap bitches on the ass I slap tits up out the muzzle I shuffle with the microphone, bang rhymes consistant You wack and I'm Ca-Tash and that's the motherfuckin difference For instance, "21 and Over" set your clocks back (Tick tock tick tock) Still standin where the rocks at Two-thousand-one, we still young guns that's +Restless+ (Thirty niggaz, sixty hoes) and that's the motherfuckin guestlist!

[Chorus]

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